Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

GOD ONLY

Here in this place, and at this moment, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor looking back on the past of vain regrets, nor casting a wistful eye to the future, I concentrate upon God, and

GOD ONLY

from the desk of C. A. Evans

Volume VII February, 1956 Number 1

OUR PURPOSE

"To promote the practice of prayer among *all* religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 E. 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume VII February, 1956 Number 1

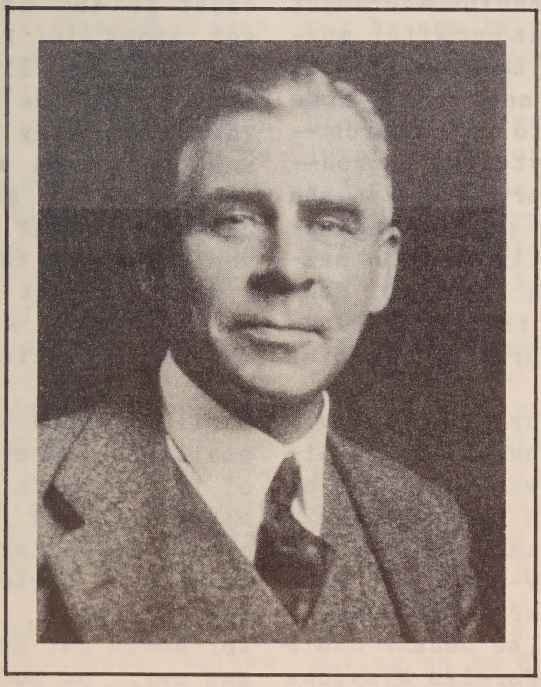
In Memoriam

CARL ALLISON EVANS

(1880-1956)

Founder of

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



For him whose life was Prayer
Let us shed no tear;
He is still of our Fellowship
Only closer to God's ear.

-- A. E. Johnson

*

CARL ALLISON EVANS

Carl Allison Evans was born on June 5, 1880, in Kirkland, Oneida County, New York, youngest child of Almiron and Luella Lounsbury Evans, there being three older sisters. When he was three years old the family moved to Utica where his father was employed as a steam engineer. In Utica, Carl went to school, attended church and grew up.

Mr. Evans, senior wasbrought up as a Baptist but after moving to Utica, the family went to a church near their home and it was into this church — the Old Presbyterian Church— that young Carl at eleven and a half years of age was received formally into the membership" on a beautiful Sunday by the finest combined pastor and preacher I ever knew."

In this church as the boy grew up he taught in its Bible School, was president of its Christian Endeavor for a number of years and at the age of twenty-seven was made a Ruling Elder of the church. Subsequently, he became Chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Utica Presbytery, the first layman ever to have held such a position.

With this background, it is no wonder that the boy and later the man, never failed to manifest in his religious life both a depth of faith and a breadth of catholicity. Relating an incident when he was about thirteen,some relatives remarked that they did not like Presbyterians and others did not like Methodists, he said, " I was downcast for I loved them all, especially 'Gramp' [his maternal grandfather]. I talked with Gramp about it and he said, 'Forget about it. If you are a good boy, you'll go to heaven as well as the rest of us. There are only two places anyway, heaven and hell and we all will go to one or 'tother'. That helped me a whole lot as then I thought I was good. It also helped me in school as Utica was then experiencing a great influx of Jews. It was primarily a Roman Catholic community from previous inroads of Irish. So in school was a mixed lot; and I often found myself defending my friends whom the Protestants were calling names, but my pastor would pat me on the back and say, 'Go to it, Carl, we all have to live together anyway'."

As to schooling, Mr. Evans had only that offered in the public schools with some evening courses in the local Young

Men's Christian Association and musical training at the Utica School of Music. Later he took accounting in New York.

It was in music that Mr. Evans seemed to have taken pride in attaining professional skill. He sang baritone in many amateur programs in Utica, and sang in the choir of his church for many years. He played cornet in the local band and orchestra and together with Professor C. P. Ryan, the best known violinist of the day in Utica, he participated in many important programs such as the entertainments of the Knights of Columbus and the Daughters of Isabella. At this time he became a member of the Utica Musicians' Union, American Federation of Musicians, Local 51, a membership he retained to the end of his life.

Later he continued his study of music through the Chicago University Extension Conservatory and acquired a thorough knowledge of all band and orchestra instruments, and could play them all, with special skill on the cornet and the cello.

The fact that his formal education was somewhat limited was because of the necessity for him to go to work, which he did at the age of fourteen. Previous summers had been spent working on his grandfather's farm, but at fourteen he joined the Utica Daily Press as a newsboy, moving up through the various steps in the production of a daily newspaper and saving his funds to further his education.

After eight years with the Press, he was invited to become Membership Secretary of the Utica Y. M. C. A. where he stayed for only a year.

On September 7, 1904, Carl Evans married Emma Jane Cochrane (1874-1954) a kindergarten teacher in Utica. Later he was to write of their marriage, "the real romance of my life," for "she has proven an exceedingly loving, loyal and devoted companion; and possessing similar tastes, ideals and purposes, we have been extraordinarily happy in working out life's problems together."

Some of these problems had to do with the beginnings of his business career. Without his solicitation, he was offered a position by Maher Uniform Clothing Company and accepting was put in charge of the Order Department. Six months later, he was given charge of the entire office moving up to General Manager of the whole manufacturing plant where he remained for thirteen years.

Early in 1917, he with two other members of the firm, resigned to form a new com-

pany, the Utica Uniform Company for which he assumed general management. The new company struggled through two years of keen competition and high priced labor but succeeded to show profits increasingly, especially after he secured in 1922 the contract for making the uniforms for the famous Sousa's Band.

Though busily involved in business, Mr. Evans never lessened his religious activities, particularly those connected with the Inter-Church Movement and those connected with foreign missions. Of the first, he was elected Chairman of the Organizational Committee and as for the latter his "downtown office in Utica became a center for mission board secretaries, missionaries on furlough and speakers. This gave me unusual contacts which grew into friendships in many cases."

This was the period when the Laymen's Missionary Movement under such prophetic speakers as Robert E. Speers, Samuel Zwemer, Fred B. Smith and others was fixing the piety and imagination of many young men and women in America. Both Carl and Emma Evans were spellbound, especially when they were chosen as delegates to the Tenth Anniversary of the Missionary Education Movement at Silver Bay where they were to meet many missionary leaders. That they too should become missionaries was inevitable. Mr. Evans related how he himself came to the decision: "Mrs. Evans, as President of the Missionary Society of the church, Presbyterial Secretary for Young People's Societies, Synodical Secretary for Young People, had in January, 1922, invited a young woman, one of the mission board secretaries, to speak in many churches. On a cold Sunday night, she spoke from the pulpit and called for young missionary volunteers. After the meeting, while I was walking alone ahead of the crowd to the trolley station, through bitter cold and crunching snow, a voice seemed to be saying to me, 'What would you do if the Call come to you?' Somehow I could never get away from that question. It would pop up at the most inopportune moments with no end of annoyance. This went on for many months until one morning while spending my usual hour on my knees, I prayed more fervently and said at last, 'I'll go wherever you want to send me, Dear Lord.' The accumulated effect of the events up to this time had been to draw me closer to our Lord and Saviour, Christ Jesus, until I completely surrendered to

His Will. On November 1st I notified my partners that I would sell my share in the partnership on January 1, 1923.

"One day I was called out of my office. I had been sorting out a mass of pending claims placing the oldest one on top of a stack on my desk for after-lunch dictation. When I returned thirty minutes later, there was a pamphlet entitled 'What Shall I Do with My Life?' on top of the pile. I had not known of the existence of this booklet and was surprised to find in it, among the listed needs in the foreign field, the mention of mission treasurers and business executives. The one girl in my office assured me that she had not left the office during my absence and that *no one* had put the pamphlet on my desk. I asked of several other employees of the firm whether some caller had entered my office. They answered unanimously in the negative. I protested to all that someone *must* have called. The girl became hysterical thinking I was bewitched and I began to think so too. That mystery has never been solved."

When Mr. Evans inquired about such openings on the foreign field, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church considered the position of the treasurer at Silliman University, Dumaguete, Philippines would be most suitable for him to be at once useful without having to spend a year of language study. However, the position was being held by a young man whose father was paying his salary and although the University had asked it, his removal was deemed inexpedient.

When Mr. Evans was about to return to Utica from New York, a telephone message came from Dr. George T. Scott, the Far Eastern Secretary of the Board asking him to stay another day. Calling on Dr. Scott the next morning he was told, "a miracle has happened." The father had just requested the Board to recall his son to America.

"So", recalled Mr. Evans, "I went home with application papers to be filled out. Did it not seem something of a miracle that an English-speaking vacancy should open just at the moment when I could step in?"

On the S.S. President Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Evans left San Francisco on May 3, 1923, arriving in Dumaguete six days later.

During their five-year residence in the Philippines, Mr. Evans was the Treasurer of the University of one thousand students, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Faculty, served on several committees, was

manager of the supply shop and the printing press, a Ruling Elder in the student church, teacher in the Bible School, leader of the Orchestra and director of the church choir, directing the music of the daily chapel service and organizing a brass band each year. He served as the Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the Mission, necessitating his regular attendance at Mission meetings and an annual trip to Manila.

Mrs. Evans organized a school for missionary children, was pianist at church meetings, taught Sunday School and served as the Chairman of the University's Dramatic Committee producing one Shakespearian play each year.

Neither the multiplicity of duties nor the difficulty of some of the tasks could dampen the wholehearted enthusiasm of the Evanses for missionary work. They were disheartened, however, to find that bigoted prejudices, petty jealousies and uncharitable machinations were to be found even among missionaries and good work was often to be hurt by poor. "It was only by the grace of God that the work progressed", wrote Mr. Evans.

They resigned from the University on June 30, 1928, after serving five years to return to the United States via Europe. Despite the urgings of the University Faculty of the Philippine Mission and the Mission Board in New York, they remained fixed in their decision to leave the Philippines. As their boat was about to leave Dumaguete, a representative of the Provincial Government came on board to urge Mr. Evans to return after a year's furlough. "I was so choked with emotion that I never remembered how I replied but I made known my feelings by a cheek-to-cheek embrace."

Back in the States, after a short period of rest and readjustment, Mr. Evans gave a series of lectures on the Philippines in his church in Utica and in February, 1929, he was ready for new employment. He was offered several very attractive opportunities but felt that "somewhere in the offing, God was calling." He was. Following a weekend of indecision and prayer, Monday's mail brought an offer from China Union Universities Office, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. affectionately called "150". On March 1st Mr. Evans began his service of twenty years, four months in the office known under the names of China Union Universities, then the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges

in China and later, United Board for Christian Colleges in China.

At first not all the Christian Colleges and Universities were under the care of the office, but in the latter years there were thirteen of them: *Fukien Christian University in Foochow, Ginling College in Nanking, Hangchow College in Hangchow, Hua Chung University in Wuchang, Hwa Nan College in Foochow, Lingnan University in Canton, Nanking University in Nanking, St. John's University in Shanghai, Shanghai University in Shanghai, Soochow University in Soochow, West China Union University in Chengtu and Yenching University in Peiping.*

Meantime Mr. Evans purchased a small home at 121 Brown Road, Scarsdale, N. Y. where he and his wife entered into the community life. They became members of Hitchcock Memorial Church, and soon Mrs. Evans was a leader in numerous activities connected with the church, Scarsdale and Westchester County.

Mr. Evans entered the service of the Christian Colleges in China as Assistant Treasurer, then as Associate Executive Secretary and Associate Treasurer. During the Second World War he was Acting Executive Secretary. In reality, he was always concerned with the finances of the Colleges, contributions, expenses, proper bookkeeping and advising with the Boards and Trustees on investments. "Trends in securities were constantly checked in my office and reported to the various Finance Committees of which there were ten in the beginning. I set up every Finance Committee meeting, made up the dockets, wrote the minutes and executed the orders to buy or sell. I also had the responsibility of setting up Trustee meetings for some of the Boards. The accounting responsibility for the entire group of Colleges was under my personal supervision with a staff of five workers. I was also a representative on the Governing Committee of the Associated Missions Medical Office which passed on the health of all missionaries."

Mr. Evans gave himself unreservedly to these many tasks and to the responsibility of handling several millions of dollars not only with wise business acumen but with a manifest spirit of Christian love, faith and humbleness. He held the love and highest esteem of his fellow associates and of Chinese professors and students with whom he came in contact, and who often visited in America.

Then came the hectic times

of the Second World War and the confusion of its aftermath bringing frequent changes in personnel not always conducive to harmonious cooperation in the office. With it all came the sad prospect of a China slipping fast under Communist control. Mr. Evans early foresaw that there could be no possibility of freedom in religion under a Communist regime and that the Christian Colleges in China would be seized and shackled in atheism and materialism. He retired from the Board on July 1, 1949, although retaining the title of Counselor.

Even before his leaving the United Board for Christian Colleges in China, the idea of Fellowship in Prayer had already begun to take shape in Mr. Evans' mind. Writing to a friend on June 21, 1949, quoting his conversation with a Catholic Archbishop, internationally famous both as a Christian and as a statesman, he said: "I asked him what the answer was to the awful mess in which we found ourselves. Quick as a flash came his reply: 'Prayer. If all who believe in God—Protestants, Catholics, Hebrews, Mohammedans, etc., — prayed with sincerity for the coming of peace, *God would have to do something about it*'." Concluding his letter, he said, "I am now at a loss to evaluate the future as to the closer affiliation of religious believers. Had I sufficient means myself I would inaugurate a prayer cycle without a top-heavy organization, but with a deep spiritual note calling upon all faiths to consecrate themselves to a universal religious understanding."

After leaving the United Board, he spent the summer months calling on and conferring with leaders of religious bodies, trying to find a group which might effectively sponsor a world-wide call to prayer. Alas! the findings were not encouraging. "One might judge that fully fifty per cent of those connected with religious organizations know next to nothing about prayer or its effectiveness... There is a large group of individuals and organizations who are thinking in terms of prayer for various objectives, but nothing whatever for a deep spiritual awakening in the hearts of the mass of church followers or unchurched people." Sometimes he would leave the office of a loved and respected friend with the amused sadness, "Perhaps he thought I was in danger of becoming a crackpot."

On October 3, 1949, there appeared in The New York

Times a five-column advertisement, "God and the Atom," by a retired financier, Ferris Booth, challenging the President of the United States to use the resources of Almighty God in the solution of international complications.

Mr. Evans was deeply moved. In his discussions with some of his Chinese friends, they were especially cognizant of Mr. Booth's penetrating diagnosis of the then overwhelming Communism in China. They asked themselves why it was that in China twenty-four centuries of Confucianism and Taoism, twenty centuries of Buddhism, twelve centuries of Mohammedanism, three and a half centuries of Catholicism, and one and a half century of Protestantism had been unable to withstand thirty years of Communism. The obvious answer was that these religious forces had already been seriously weakened by the hypocrisy, narrowness, and bigotry of their own adherents. Some of the top leaders of the Nationalist Government did indeed attend Christian services and were fond of quoting Confucian classics; yet, they relied not on spiritual resources but on political, financial, and military means to combat Communism. With China's failure as an object lesson, the inescapable conclusion had to be: Short of a general spiritual renaissance, nothing can stop Communism, not even a victorious war.

Mr. Evans felt, moreover, that Mr. Booth's excellent arguments should have been addressed not only to President Harry S. Truman but to every religious believer throughout the United States and the whole world, and that the urgently needed spiritual renaissance could be induced better by incessant and widespread educative challenges than by executive, legislative, or judiciary orders. The first challenge had best be the challenge to pray. Religions may differ in theology, organization, and polity, but, despite these differences, they lay almost equal stress on the importance of prayer; and prayer means almost the same thing to them all—the assurance that the believer's humility and supplication will be met with God's love and guidance. We may pray in different places and in different languages; we can rest assured that, since the ultimate source of love and guidance is one and no other, we will not be led into hatred and conflicting errors. Prayer, more prayer, and ceaseless prayer must begin the way to unite this awfully divided world!

Thus Mr. Evans came to the decision that he should initiate the Fellowship in Prayer,

with the motto "For a World United in Prayer." Yet, before he took the first step, he was not without hesitations. In the afternoon of Sunday, October 30, 1949, he was reclining alone in the living room of his home, resting, praying, meditating, and debating with himself. Even a small office with a modest program of publications would cost money. He was willing to work without pay and willing to impose austere economy on his household maintenance so that he might contribute a part of his meager savings to the program. Could he depend on contributions from friends old and new? In August Mrs. Evans had been operated upon and the recovery had been slow. If her illness should continue, could he afford to give time and money to the Fellowship? Miss Kathryn G. Brown, who had been, for nearly fourteen years, his most helpful colleague and secretary at the United Board had resigned, preferring to work with him on any program of spiritual significance. She had received a fairly attractive offer of employment, to which she must soon give an answer. Should he urge her to accept this employment? Should he allow her to work with him on a meager salary? Would it be fair to her if his project should shortly fold up due to lack of funds?

While he was silently arguing pro and con, he felt suddenly a sharp pain in his side. He feared it might be an attack of lumbago and wanted to summon his physician. Painfully getting up and trying to reach his telephone, he said to himself, "This may mean the Lord wants me to drop what I have been planning." All of a sudden the excruciating pain was gone. He straightened up, walked steadily the rest of the way, and, taking up the phone, called not his doctor but Miss Brown, informing her that work would commence the following day. The following day they met in the lobby of Hotel Seville (22 East 29th Street, New York, N. Y.) to write letters. They also rented Office H in the hotel as of the day following, November first. At this stage "H" could stand for just Hope.

On Page Twelve of The New York Times, December 12, 1949, appeared Mr. Evans' challenge:

P R A Y E R

an answer to

"GOD and the ATOM"

THE FERRIS BOOTH advertisement in THE NEW YORK TIMES on October third calling upon President Truman to start a "spiritual renaissance" is commendable and sound thinking, generally. However, the

final responsibility falls upon *each* individual who believes in God, regardless of his religious affiliation. The President has called upon all people to take a greater interest in the religious life of each community. Can we expect more?

PRAYER IS THE ANSWER:-

The real strength and power of religion can only be exerted through invoking the presence of God in our lives and praying earnestly for the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man toward the consummation of a better understanding of international and human relations. A believer in *any* faith can do this, as prayer is the means of communication with God in all of the great religions of the world. Prayer for good by believers in God, can overcome the oppressors and put to flight the foes of righteousness.

IT IS ATTAINABLE:-

As individuals, we conduct business together, we mingle in social life, in sports there are no barriers. Surely we are not so biased that we fail to see the common attributes in other religions. TRUTH, HONESTY, JUSTICE, MERCY are basic elements in every great faith. In seeking God, let us omit the controversial issues. IF WE WILL TO DO IT- IT CAN BE DONE.

HOW?-

Begin *now* to pray in your own manner for the things set forth above. Do it frequently or at stated times. Talk it over with your family, your neighbors, your friends, your spiritual adviser. If possible, get your local newspaper to copy this article or comment upon it. Fellowship Circles could be formed. Do not, however, let it interfere with your regular religious duties- rather combine it with them. Our united prayers can glorify and sanctify this Holiday Season.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Those who sponsor this advertisement (known for the present as "Fellowship in Prayer") devoutly seek a broad fellowship of believers. If you desire to write or assist in any way, we will treat your communication in confidence and with gratitude to God for your interest.

In the hope of a spiritual renaissance,

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

* * *

It was thought that the publication of this article might start a sort of prayer-chain-reaction among the metropolitan dailies throughout the country. Though this wish was not fulfilled, some news-

paper comments were quite appreciative; Mary Hornaday's "Seeking Security in Prayer," in the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR of December 17, 1949, was especially to the point. Congratulatory messages, which poured into Office H, were enthusiastically encouraging. A prominent university woman wrote to say that Mary Hornaday's was one of the articles that "changed the course of my life."

With such encouragements, Mr. Evans undertook to have the Fellowship incorporated, which was duly effected on June 5, 1950, when the incorporation papers were filed with the Secretary of State, Albany, New York. Soon, he made application to the United States Treasury Department and acquired for the Corporation the right to accept income-tax-deductible contributions. As contributions came in, he proceeded to rent or purchase the necessary office equipment, and the publication FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER gradually improved in typography and artistic appearance—the first few numbers were typewritten, then mimeographed, then in the form of varitype-offset booklets. On June 27, 1950, the trustees and members formally met. The Constitution and Bylaws were adopted. The purpose of the Corporation was declared to be: "To promote the practice of prayer among *ALL* religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind"—just another amplification of "For a World United in Prayer." The officers were elected with Carl A. Evans as Executive Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

The last six years of Carl A. Evans' life might be said to be represented by the six volumes of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. He wrote numerous articles and comments. As to the rest, almost every piece of prose or poetry had come as a result of his earnest solicitation or prayerful selection. The central themes are of course prayer, the importance of prayer, and the sense of fellowship in prayer. Among the shorter poems, there are such gems as Grenville Kleiser's Prayer—

Make me gentle,
Make me kind,
Give to me
The Christlike mind.

and—

Daily Prayer

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can right a human wrong,
If I can help to make one strong,
If I can cheer with smile or song
Lord, show me how.

If I can make a burden less,
If I can aid one in distress,
If I can spread more happiness,
Lord, show me how.

If I can do a kind deed,
If I can sow a fruitful seed,
If I can help someone in need,
Lord, show me how.

If I can feed a hungry heart,
If I can give a better start,
If I can fill a nobler part,
Lord, show me how.

---

and Nona D. Spath's

Push-Button Power

We throw a switch,
Many sirens roar,
We lift a lever,
Airplanes soar.
We push a button,
A city is light.
We release a spring,
Gears mesh in might.

There is a pulse
In affairs of the world,
A push-button touch
Could lift unfurled
A power so great
Men everywhere
Would turn to face
The power of Prayer.

---

and Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe's

Who prayeth daily for a friend
Has started forces reaching far;
And he who prays for all mankind
Has passed beyond the farthest star,
Beyond the gates unto the throne
Where God is listening for each word
Binding the hearts of all the world
Through prayer His loving ear has heard;
And having heard, He blesses all,
The one prayed for, and him who prays,
Until both heaven and earth are joined
In one eternal hymn of praise.

* * *

and Anna M. Carroll's—

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT

Father in Heaven, through Thy Word,
We understand Thy might,
Thy love and power...yet often fail
To follow in Thy light.

Dear Father, magnify Thy light,
That we may plainly see
The path that Thou would'st have us walk
To always follow Thee.

We want to follow Thee, dear Lord,
But in our weakness tread
Alluring paths and fail to see
The shining Cross ahead.

In humbleness, we pray that Thou
May in our hearts instill
The light...to follow in Thy steps,
The light...to do Thy will.

* * *

and Harry Halsey Starrett's—

ATTAINMENT

To find REALITY in a world of illusion,
To find TRANQUILLITY in a world of confusion,
To find PEACE in a world of strife,
To find CHRIST—"THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

\- - -

and A. E. Johnson's

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Denominations melt away
When we pray;
I am alone, but also then
One with all men:
More than my brother's keeper,
I am my brother;
I do not ask of Heaven, where?
I am there.

---

and Frances N. Armstrong's

The Fellowship in Prayer

A lovely word is fellowship;
On dark days and on fair.
It promises a fragrant bloom
To quench the breath of care.

A wondrous word is fellowship;
It leads them by the hand,
From winter's blasts to Spring's advent
The weary in the land.

A blessed name is fellowship;
A sacred star shines there—
Its message to the thirsting soul
Is Fellowship in Prayer.

Space in this biographical sketch does not permit the reproduction of many such pieces. Nor can we quote the longer pieces in poetry or prose, such as "Address to Archeus" by William Rose Benet (Volume I: Number 7), "Those Beautiful Things: A Prayer" *By Joseph Stanley* (IV:6), "Thelemic Prayer" *by Roy Wallace Thomas* (II:2,3,4,5), "Prayer Group on Wheels" *by Violet Lastner* (III:4), "Our Father" *by Theodore Carswell Hume* (IV:2), "It All Depends on You" *by Mr. Evans* (V:5), and "On Learning How to Pray" - *by Robert Wells Youngs* (VI:4)- to mention only a few—which will amply reward reading and rereading. Nor the many other pieces of scholarly or practical interest, again to mention only a few: "Hinduism" *By Swami Brahmamayanada* (II:2), "Confucianism" *by Kenneth Ch'en* (II:4), "Religious Liberty and Interfaith Attitudes" *by M. Searle Bates* (II:5), "Evangelism" *by William Ernest Hocking* (III:4—VII:1), "What Easter Means" *by Peter Marshall* (IV:2), "Dedication of Baha'i Temple" *by Keith de Folo* (IV:3), "Prophecies" *by Mr. Evans*, and "Needed: A Crusade of All Faiths" *by Edward W. Barrett* (V:4). Among the letters that came to Office H, many expressed warm appreciation of this or that contribution that was printed or re-printed. Even Albrecht

Durer's painting, "Folded Hands," which has been used to adorn the front cover since the summer of 1950 — now and then further embellished with the beautiful drawings of Helen Dudley Young—has been almost universally acclaimed as a most appropriate choice.

These volumes of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER are, of course, on the sunny side of Mr. Evans' enterprise. Unfortunately, there were shadows on the other side. In order to keep the publication going, Mr. Evans had to undergo considerable physical and mental hardship. Physically, it was almost back-breaking toil. He worked not only in the office, but also carried papers home to work at night. Not only was the task of editing heavy, but the amount of correspondence involved was also stupendous. He would never let up. In the autumn of 1953 he suffered an illness that required eleven weeks of hospitalization and convalescence. A friend calling on him in the hospital found him at work in bed. To the advice that he should forget work for a while, his answer was: "Think of the joy and hope these dear writers are giving me and the readers of our publication; how can I fail to do my utmost!" Toil, of course, had telling effects on health.

Mental anguish, thank God, was only intermittent. It had to do mainly with money or rather the lack of it. Long trained in financial handling, he had the skill of making one penny work for the value of several. Now and then deficit would stare him in the face. Though he could write to a friend:

"Please do not worry about the extent of your financial participation. Of course, there must be an end to where, personally, I can continue the present rate of contribution, especially with the inflation cutting our dollar in two; but even so, I am not worried, for I have unbounded faith and courage."

He could not really regard growing figures in red with ease. There were anxious days or weeks before some sizable checks came in to effect a favorable balance. Such periods were more frequent before April 22, 1952, when an elderly Christian lady sent a check for five hundred dollars with the note:

"Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, <u>believe</u>, never doubt. In the same mail that brought me *your* letter, was a check for $500—I had sent it, and for certain reason it was returned. I had that morning prayed

to be *guided* in giving—I am sure that check was returned so that I might send it where needed more. I am sending it to "Fellowship in Prayer". (I tore it up and wrote a new one, of course). I know that prayer is the most important thing right now."

Subsequently, she increased her donations, which practically met the cost of printing FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. By December, 1954, she was, however, so incapacitated that her affairs went into the hands of appointed trustees. Contributions ceased. By the spring of 1955, Mr. Evans had, in addition to the deep solicitude about the health of this friend, who had become very dear to him, the growing concern over unpaid and pending bills. Constant prayer was answered by two thousand dollars from a person whom he had never met, and who, seven months later, when Mr. Evans once more felt depressed about the Fellowship's financial situation, sent three thousand dollars more, together with such encouraging words:

"The purpose of your organization during the past six years has seemed almost like a miracle, and I would not want to see it fail its dedicated purpose. This seems to me our greatest hope for the future, and the only way possible to achieve friendship throughout the world."

Reporting this to one of his friends on the Board, Mr. Evans wrote: "God spoke... I feel so humble that I can hardly rise above 'I thank Thee, dear Lord, I thank Thee."

It was not only physical and mental strain that undermined his health. After prolonged invalidism, his beloved Emma died on December 17, 1954. Grief and loneliness contributed to make him appear increasingly thin and worn during 1955. Some of the friends knew that his long and useful life was drawing to a close. Tuesday, January 3, 1956, after a day of strenuous work in Office H, he planned to stay over night in the hotel, as was his custom of late, whenever he had too much to carry home to Scarsdale. He did not want to go out to dinner. As he and Miss Brown were finishing a little supper, suddenly his head dropped; she caught him in her arms and reached for the telephone. He needed no help; he was gone — and "with his boots on"; this he once considered a blessed way to die. Beautiful services in Scarsdale and Clinton, New York, were similar to those he had arranged for Mrs. Evans only a year before. Messages

of condolence poured into Office H and were almost unanimous in urging that Fellowship in Prayer should continue to go on. Without doubt, this urge is in complete accord with Mr. Evans' own wishes. In his will he bequeathed to the Fellowship a part of his estate. The whole estate being small, this bequest is of no great financial significance. It is more important to remember that he gave to the Fellowship an achievement: at a conservative estimate, the words of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* had reached 1,500,000 people; in six years' time the small office had radiated enough of a spiritual challenge to be considered "a big stick in the religious world." He gave to it the vision of "a world united in prayer." He gave to it the example of his own prayerful life. Whenever things were going well he would share with his friends the ecstasy of thankfulness for God's mercy and grace. Whenever he found discouragement strewn in the path, he would say: "We have not been praying in the right way...We need further training in the School of Prayer."

Perhaps, in course of time the word "Evans" may become synonymous with "Prayer."

oooOooo

"OUR NEIGHBOR — CARL EVANS"

His little house is dark,
The lights have flickered out;
But everywhere I look
I feel he is still about.

I see him in his garden,
And I see him on the walk;
And if I listen quietly
I can almost hear him talk.

But alas, I cannot hear
The pleasant voice we knew,
Our neighbor has gone home.
He has greater tasks to do!

-- Marjorie Thorn Cook.

* * *

I REALLY KNEW HIM—

I never met Mr. Evans personally, yet *I KNEW HIM.* It was on the twelfth of December, 1949, that we read in The New York Times the first announcement of the birth of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. Both my wife and I were so deeply impressed by this announcement that I sat right down and wrote in, expressing wholehearted sympathy and interest in the noble adventure. That was the beginning of our beautiful, profitable affiliation.

Other than Mr. Evans' radiant, inspiring, uplifting presence . . . . we did have that inexpressible joy and contentment evolving out of one of the most beautiful fellowships of our whole life. Mr. Evans'letters were always full of sustaining grace — proof that he walked with God.

Carl Evans was a good and faithful servant. . .the embodiment of humility, love, compassion, charity, loyalty, patience and long suffering, graciousness, selflessness, benevolence, justice, forgiveness, faith and fortitude. He left this place a much better world than he found it when he came into it.

His immortal spirit will abide with us always as an inspiration and help in carrying on the great work he inaugurated. The same Power which guided Mr. Evans will still guide us. God is still enthroned. . .When God rules there can be no failure.

The same help I was able to give Mr. Evans I pledge to you and, with the help of God, will do everything humanly possible to help you carry on in this great Christian endeavor, which Carl Evans founded and which he served so unselfishly, so efficiently and so resplendently.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Verily, Carl Evans is one of those exalted Souls. . .who is now abiding under the shadow of the wing of the Almighty, in love, in peace, and in joy unspeakable. "He is not here; he is risen," but the good that he did as he sojourned through this earthly life will endure forever.

"Of myself I can do nothing but the Father which dwelleth within me, He doeth the works."

--Harry Halsey Starrett.

I REALLY KNEW HIM—

Although I never had the privilege of meeting Carl A. Evans in person, I had come to feel that *I REALLY KNEW HIM*. He was a man of finest spirit and rare quality of mind. He had an appreciation of the values in all the great world religions without sacrificing one of his own positive convictions. His broad-mindedness had depth. He was tolerant and at the same time firmly grounded in the basic realities of truth and faith. Thus he gave to the world what it needs most of all. He was one of those rare creative spirits who made everyone richer who knew him, even by his pen in message and letter.

--Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas.

I should like to say the following about Carl Allison Evans:

"Carl Allison Evans, a Christian servant of God, has a special place in the hearts of those of us at First Presbyterian Church of Utica. Many, many years ago, he and his wife went out from this Church in response to the commands of our divine Lord to preach the Gospel to every living creature. Not only did Carl Allison Evans leave First Presbyterian Church, Utica, with this purpose in mind, but during his entire life, as noted by the comments of many people, not only in Utica but abroad, he carried through with his intended purpose. His life, as well as that of his wife, was a tribute to the efficacy of Christianity as it can be practised by humble people.

This Church and its members thank God for the lives and works of such people as Carl Allison Evans, and we include a special prayer of thanksgiving for the work which he has done. He will always be held dear in the memory of those of us who knew him."

Roland Bradford Jones, D.D.

Carl Evans took religion as a matter of sunshine and not a study of shadows. It is this every day *enjoyable* devoutness which distinguished his make-up from that of the many church people.

In our "Exchange Club" (quite similar to Rotary) he took an active part as chairman of our Welfare Committee and worked in other departments of charitable activities of the Club. His activity was of the thorough, good, resultful kind rather than the "bubble and burst" variety all too prevalent.

--a fellow-worker.

THE MYSTIC DOOR

(Dedicated to Carl A. Evans)

There is a golden door that swings
Within a jewelled arch,
Through which the feet of all the world
Keep everlasting march.

We never hear its hinges turn,
We never see them go,
These spirit forms, so silently
They pass its portal low.

I only know we wait outside
Until our turn to see
The glories hidden by this door
In jewelled secrecy—

The shining streets, the mansions fair,
Wherein our loved ones dwell.
Joining the heavenly chorus
Whose sweet notes rise and swell

In praises to our God and King,
Who reigns upon His throne
To welcome all who worship Him,
The ones He calls His own

Who lived and worked for Him on earth
That all at last may see
The glories hidden by this door
In jewelled secrecy.

-- *Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.*

oooOooo

FROM THE SERVICE AT—

HITCHCOCK MEMORIAL CHURCH

Scarsdale, New York

In one of George Eliot's letters to a friend, she makes a very wise observation— "It seems to me", she writes, "much better to read a man's own writing than to read what others say about him."

Better than anything which we might say about Carl Evans is his own writing. He has written of faith and devotion, especially in these latter years for the FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. He has written notes of kindness and encouragement in a voluminous correspondence which he maintained with a host of friends, near and far away. He has written of beauty and inspiration in the universal language of music which he has sung and directed. Then, too, in a figurative way, his whole life has been his writing - yes, his life - an editorial on integrity, an essay about religion, a poem of love, a composition of righteousness, a book of service. With deeds, by example, through performance of duty, Carl Evans has inscribed in the lives of others and in the life of the institutions with which he was associated his ideals, his aspiration, his convictions and his faith.

The psalmist has likened the life of a good man to a tree planted by rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

Carl Evans' life was like a tree — comforting people with its shade, inspiring people with its strength, nourishing people with its fruit. And it might be said of him what Edwin Markham said of Abraham Lincoln:

"And when he fell in whirlwind he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky!"

Carl Evans was not president of the United States, but where he stood, there's now a lonesome place against the sky.

--Robert Wells Youngs, D.D.

oooOooo

God grant us patience to endure sorrow and affliction and if it be Thy Will lead us into larger usefulness in this troubled world. -- *Carl A. Evans.*

HE WAS A GOOD MAN — CARL ALLISON EVANS

By W. J. Thompson, D.D.

Certain passages of scripture come to me as I think of Brother Carl A. Evans, widely known and greatly beloved Executive Secretary of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, New York City. The scripture quotations give us a word picture of this true servant of Jesus Christ, and a helper of many.

"He was a Good Man" - *(Acts 11 - 24)*.

"A Servant of Jesus Christ" - *(Romans 1 - 1)*.

"A Servant of the Church" - *(Romans 16 - 1)*.

A Beloved Brother..And Fellow Servant in the Lord - A Fellow-worker unto the Kingdom of God...A Comfort unto Me.- *(Col. 4, 7-9-11)*.

"Our Brother... Diligent in many things" - *(2 Cor. 8-22)*.

"We Give Thanks to God for You." *(2 Thess. 2, 13)*.

"Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant. . . Enter Thou into the Joy of Thy Lord." *(Matthew 25-21)*.

When preparing his book on the life of Prof. Henry Drummond, Dr. George Adam Smith said: "It was like writing the history of a fragrance." There are lives like that — and Brother Evans is a shining illustration of this fact! I thank God for His Providence that led me to know this devoted Christian; and I deem it a distinct privilege to have had the honor of serving with him in a cause so dear to his heart.

Whatever the years may take away,
Two wonderful treasures with us stay;
One is the blessing from God above,
The other — memories of friends we love!

The memory of Carl A. Evans is one of the abiding treasures of my life!

Thinking of him I know these words of Holy Scripture apply to our friend and co-worker—

"He was a Good Man" - *(Acts 11-24)*.

Here is no extravagance of speech, no empty oratory, but a simple, sincere statement — profoundly impressive because of its simplicity. "He was a Good Man." And, after all, what greater tribute can be paid to any man than this — "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith." Carl A. Evans believed unreservedly in God, and in the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour. He believed wholeheartedly in the work of the church and

in the Power of Prayer. He was, indeed, an outstanding servant of the Most High; and while he served his own church faithfully there was nothing narrow about his spiritual services, which included active missionary work in the Philippines, and other memorable and fruitful activities in the name of the Lord. "He shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven." *(Matthew 5 - 19)*.

The greatness of one's life is measured by his contribution through his labor to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. Judged by this standard Brother Evans "Shall be called great."

"He was a Good Man"
(Carl A. Evans)

"A Good Man" — This we say of him
Who through all days, the bright, the dim,
Walked steadily along life's Road,
And kept his Faith in Man and God!

"A Good Man" — Loyal to the end
To Christ, and Church, and Home and Friend;
A Noble Soul, built on God's Plan,
Worth our praise — "He was a Good Man."

Brother Evans was, indeed, a Good Man, whose daily life was so consistent, with the high ideals of our Christian Faith that he made it easier for us to believe in the nearness of God, the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in the Power of Goodness demonstrated through the Presence of the Holy Spirit in a man's life! A messenger of the Divine, he brought rich blessing to many. "A servant of Jesus Christ"; "A servant of the Church." These words surely apply to this man, whose many varied activities (including his unstinted service to Fellowship in Prayer) reveal his passionate devotion to Spiritual Realities.

"A Beloved Brother. . . And Fellow-servant in the Lord";

"A fellow-worker unto the Kingdom of God."

"A comfort unto me." *(Col.4, 7-9-11)*.

His life was a blend of unswerving faith in God and warm human friendship. He was indeed, "A Beloved Brother." During a far-flung ministry in many parts of the world God has enriched my life with many inspiring friendships, but none mean more to me than this glorious fellowship I have enjoyed with Brother Evans: I shall never forget his message to me— "From the Desk of C. A. Evans"—dated Dec. 17, 1955 — Thanking me for my poem, "Christmas in Heaven", in the Memorial booklet for his dear wife— Emma Jane Cochrane Evans

who passed into the Life Beyond, December 17, 1954. And now he has gone to be with her before the Throne of God!

You left us swiftly
To meet the Unseen;
There were no long years
Of pain in between!

But your quick passing
At this earthly end,
Brought you rich blessing—
For God is your Friend!

God called His servant, and Carl A. Evans obeyed the summons—immediately!

And now the Master Himself has set the Golden Crown of Fidelity and Immortality upon his brow!

"Well done, Good and Faithful Servant...Enter Thou into the joy of Thy Lord." *(Matthew 25-21).*

His "passing" was not a slow advance into deepening darkness, but a quick and triumphant entrance into Light, and Life, and Love Eternal!

Because he was a man of prayer, completely devoted to the blessed service of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, I pray that this wonderful magazine may be a glorious and inspiring "monument" to the memory of Carl Allison Evans!

"We give thanks to God for you."

oooOooo

FAITH

When life is kind and in its fullness seems,
Built of the golden fabric of our dreams,
It takes but little faith, to grateful be
For blessings given so abundantly.

But when misfortune lingers by our side,
And shadows fall, and cares with us abide,
Then we need perfect faith...a faith God-given,
To see through tear-dimmed eyes, the light of Heaven.

-- *Anna M. Carroll.*

oooOooo

WHAT COULD BE WRITTEN TO ADD TO THE RECORD OF HIS SERVICE?

"What could be written to add to the record of his service and life?"

Memorials dedicated to friends are about all we can do and yet our words are so inadequate - what we actually feel is confined to our hearts, and we do not have any ability or talent to express our sorrow and grief. If any word of mine will be helpful, may I say:

"Mankind with only earthly wisdom, may not explore the future; we cannot explain the mystery of life and the hereafter. I only know when loved ones pass the vale they leave a key unlocking a golden store, sorrow lifts the barrier dark and the spirit of guidance seems to pass from shore to shore." *-- Wallace Tibbetts*

MEMORIAL MINUTE--

The Investment Sub-Committee wishes to record with deep regret the sudden death on January 3, 1956, of Mr. Carl A. Evans. During his lifetime he was a business man in central New York State, a teacher and missionary in the Philippines, and for many years Associate Treasurer and Assistant Secretary of the individual Christian Colleges which made up the United Board for Christian Colleges in China, as well as manager - with Mr. E. M. McBrier - of the finances and investments of Yenching University. Many of the members of this committee know that no one except such a prodigiously diligent and devoted man as Mr. Evans could have carried so well such a multitude of duties.

With the simplification of organization of the United Board, he gladly took his retirement at the end of the fiscal period in 1949 and thereafter as Executive Secretary, directed his interest to building and managing the "Fellowship in Prayer".

He was for many years a resident of Scarsdale, New York, where his wife died a year ago; he left no near relatives.

I cannot imagine a finer memorial to the memory of our beloved co-worker, Carl Evans, than the Glorious success of "Fellowship in Prayer"!

Here's our work for God — Half Done!
Here's the triumph just begun—
Put it through!

To each of us THE CALL IS GIVEN;
Under the Leadership of Heaven
Put it through!

-- W. J. Thompson.

IN MEMORY OF

CARL ALLISON EVANS

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer held on February 1, 1956, the following resolution was unanimously adopted—

> RESOLVED: That the Board of Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer hereby expresses profound sorrow in the death on the third day of January, 1956, of Carl Allison Evans, its Founder, Executive Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, having served most faithfully and unselfishly as a member of this Board from the beginning to the moment of his death. Be it further
>
> RESOLVED: That the following tribute by Professor A. E. Johnson be made a part of these minutes:
>
> A brave, good man has been withdrawn from our midst. This statement is but half true. He will be with us ever, carrying on as a spiritual force even beyond what he did in the flesh.
>
> *For him whose life was prayer*
> *Let us shed no tear;*
> *He is still of our Fellowship*
> *Only closer to God's ear.*
>
> The form of our memorial scarcely needs stating. It is as clear on our dusk as the evening star in all her winter brightness. We almost hear him say, in that quiet imperturbable manner (matching the twinkle of his soft eyes):
>
> "Carry on the good work."

oooOooo

CARL A. EVANS

"Our Father which art in heaven," we pray,
But often have we suffered words to roll
Off from the lips, not taking care to say
Them lovingly with whole heart, mind and soul.
"Thy kingdom come," we often mumble too;
Do we know it wouldn't be of earthly good
Unless we practice love, unless we do
Think of the world in terms of brotherhood?
Our friend, distressed by all such negligence,
Would have believers in God everywhere
Pray better and with greater confidence;
And so he founded Fellowship in Prayer.
And praying all the time "Thy will be done,"
He moved about, worked and died with his boots on.

-- William Hung.

oooOooo

A HIGH STANDARD

To be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practise humility, tolerance, and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to speak little and listen much; to adhere always to a high standard of thought, purpose, and conduct; to grow in grace, goodness, and gratitude; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray, and serve daily; to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at His word-this is to travel heavenward.

--*Grenville Kleiser.*

THE CHALLENGE

Congratulations on your wonderful Christmas number. You deserve praise for keeping FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER alive and vital. . .

To me FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER has the very essence of Christianity. I was grateful to him (Carl A. Evans) for letting me have a part in his soul-inspiring work. So please count on me whenever I can be of service to you.

--Mrs. Mildred Seydell, Belgium.

I love the messages contained in FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, as well as all the nice pen-and-ink sketches. You are doing a good work—keep it up, and may God bless you in this wonderful work.

--Mrs. Edna V. Curtis, Ohio.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER has been such a vital force. It surely must go on.

--Mrs. Mabel Scott, New York.

While God translates His workers, He carries on His work. I shall continue to pray that you and your colleagues may be guided and sustained.

--Rev. Wm. Hiram Foulkes, Florida.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER becomes richer and more precious with its messages of comfort and peace. I am so deeply grateful for its messages and its constant help. How gratifying it must be to you and your colleagues to be working so close with the Master. I am so happy for you. . . .Carl Evans can now work for Fellowship in Prayer, a hundred fold. He will ever be near the work he is so completely dedicated to.

--Emmy Lou Schweigert, New Mexico.

I trust FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER will go on. It now has a powerful pray-er in Carl Evans on the other side of the veil.

--Olga Lamkert, Pennsylvania.

I wish to pay tribute to Carl A. Evans' beautiful spirit. From the first inception of "Fellowship in Prayer" one always felt behind his leadership, deep faith, entire consecration and humility of spirit. . .Who is to say that his influence and help from the other side may not be even more potent than it was here? May the work of his hands go on!

--Mrs. Howard Giles, Vermont.

THE CHALLENGE

"Fellowship in Prayer" is indeed a fellowship that must continue - Every issue brings proof of that fact - and your continued devoted service without question will assure "The Fellowship" of a future far beyond Mr. Evans' dreams. It will be the privilege of every member to rally to the support of this timely publication—

I shall gladly do what I can to meet the challenge!

--Mary D. McDonald, Iowa.

My sincere hope is that your splendid work will go forward as all of you and Mr. Evans would wish.

--Mrs. David Wm. Harris, Illinois.

It is both a comfort and an inspiration to know that Fellowship in Prayer is in the hands of consecrated and capable leadership, and I am proud to be associated with such dedicated souls!. . .

I cannot imagine a finer memorial to our beloved co-worker, Carl Evans, than the glorious success of Fellowship in Prayer.

I hope I may continue to serve the magazine which is doing such splendid work.

--W. J. Thompson, D.D. California.

It has been gratifying to me that the number of friends who are now receiving FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER have expressed warm interest in the various issues. Do trust that an equally inspired leader may be found.

--Anna Grace Sawyer, Illinois.

Carl Evans' spirit will help you onward, for it is too valuable a magazine of spiritual inspiration to be given up.

--Mrs. Wm. B. Jackson, Massachusetts.

I feel greatly the loss of Mr. Evans, and the distress I feel will keep me hungering for his enthusiasm and encouragement. . . . I was greatly attached to him and miss him, even though we rarely ever met. . .I do hope the Fellowship in Prayer work will be able to continue. Perhaps I can be of some assistance later.

--Paul Dyal, New York City.

Perhaps the Great Omnipotence intends for his gentle passing to become a symbol to inspire us to ever greater effort.

--Rev. John H. Owens, California.

LOVE

By Sara Robbins

Without LOVE, work is labor—work with LOVE is service. To serve is to put joy into any endeavor. A joyous endeavor is art. The reward is self satisfaction.

All men work—but few really serve. There are two ways of serving, one by the sweat of the brow — and the other through the spirit of love. No task is difficult if it be imbued with love.

There are many who labor through life without reaping results, because the great ingredient—love—is missing. Anything done without this spirit to sustain it, to uplift it, to ease it, is waste-energy and is compensated by weariness.

There is a difference between service and holding a job. Anyone can hold a job, but those who truly serve have injected that power which involuntarily attracts achievement. *Achievement is the result of work inspired and expressed by the love one has for it.*

If you are an artist in your work, no matter what the work may be, if you have found happiness in its expression, it is because you have injected love into it. Love puts its own power into a task and lightens any undertaking; this makes any endeavor an art, an accomplishment.

Where your heart is—there also lies the power. For where the heart is not, there is emptiness and futility. Love is the energy that eases any laborious task. Love is the stimulus that inspires man to greater efforts, to self satisfaction. The love of one's work knows no time nor failure, knows no fatigue nor weariness.

If there is love in an undertaking—the seed of success has already been planted. Since work is a compulsory expression, it is wise and profitable to imbue every task with this great ingredient. It is not labor, but service that reaps rewards. *LOVE knows no labor.*

oooOooo

TOMORROW

By Mildred Seydell

I have no fear of death because I have learned to have no fear of life, but to love it.

It was not always so. Once fear was strong upon me. I awoke with it; it walked with me throughout the day, and in the closing of my eyes it rested upon me. For I had no faith in my own strength, my worldly knowledge. The world and fate, what could I do to conquer them? What power did I have to protect myself against their hurt?

And so when disasters came and suffering was to be endured, I had no balm to soothe me until experience taught me many things, the greatest of which was faith in goodness, a confidence in the belief that the real life is the life of the spirit, which is immortal and against which the world and fate have no command. And when I learned this and the assurance of it beat strong with my heart, pulsing through me as my life blood, I was no longer afraid either of living or of dying.

We do not weep at the setting of the sun. We see its beauty fade and sigh, "Ah, but tomorrow comes another day."

Do not wish to live so that when you die there will be weeping, but wish to live so that when you die the beauty of the life you have lived will go as a radiant sunset, and your friends will sigh, "Ah, but tomorrow comes another dawn."

oooOooo

DAY BY DAY PRAYER

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer
I feel so close to Thee
To forget tribulations of life
That peace be unto me.
Give me the spiritual blessing
From the sunkissed sky,
The touch of a guiding hand
As time passes swiftly by.

-- *Ada Campbell Larew.*

oooOooo

THE LIFE ETERNAL

Atom of the Infinite

By Herbert S. Bigelow

As the rain drop may fall into the sea only to feel within itself the vastness of the midmost ocean, with power to wear away the rocks and carry the commerce of the world on its bosom, so these spirits of ours, like drops of the infinite mind, may merge at last with that larger life, to drink in the knowledge and the power and the love eternal.

"Thought of the Infinite—the All!
Be thou my God."

Is not this thought of the Infinite; this waking sense of our comradeship with God; this conviction that the life of to-day is the life everlasting; that there is no heaven and no hell which we do not make; that there is no enemy save one's self in all God's universe; that the lessons that are shirked to-day must be learned tomorrow; that the deeds of a man are the steps of that ladder which he must hew out of the rock of life's experience, and on which he must mount, if at all, to the summit of his destiny; is not this growing consciousness of the transcendent dignity of the days that are passing of the supreme import of the hour that now is—is not this the life eternal?

oooOooo

"Out of the dark a shadow
Then a spark—
Out of the cloud, a silence
Then a lark—
Out of the heart a rapture
Then a pain—
Out of the cold dead ashes
Life again."

oooOooo

"God is in the night and when the time comes for our migration hence to another land, through a mystic darkness, He will not desert us through that night, whether it be stormy or serene; the frailest may abide secure and we shall know what it means to be sustained by the "Everlasting Arms."

(From Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor)

REALIZATION

Lord, we come for still remembrance
Of the friend who leaves us here;
  Help us up, beyond the semblance,
  To the God he held so dear;

Not to glory in survival
Here, for yet a little space,
  But to think of his arrival
  There before the Throne of Grace.

Lord, we thank thee for the giving
Of the years he gladly spent,
  And we pray that we, the living,
  Too, may tread the way he went:

In humility of service
For a goal beyond his strength,
  Trusting in Thy power to carry
  Simple works to heaven at length.

--Elizabeth Jessup Blake.

oooOooo

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.

-- Thoreau.

* * *

P R A Y E R:

Eternal Spirit—whose presence is like a calm steady star, shining in our darkened days:

Thou who art the Ruler of Nature in all its wonder and beauty, who canst make the woeful heart to sing, with quiet joy

To Thee once again we turn with a great longing and a great hope

That in all our uncertainty we may find Thy Light and in the midst of crowded action, may find peace.

Deliver us from the shallow thinking and the unsure haste, to which we are peculiarly tempted in time of strain

Make our purpose so profound that all our powers may be as the flowing of great waters too deep for sound or foam, too strong to be turned aside.

When obstacles confront us, may there be in us a quiet rallying of the force that shall break through

And when opportunity opens, may we move forward with the sureness of the river that finds its destined channel to the sea.

Amen.

-- Theodore Carswell Hume

(By courtesy of—
Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Hume).

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

RE-THINKING MISSIONS. The series of articles from Re-Thinking Missions by William Ernest Hocking, will be resumed in the next issue.

"FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER". The next issue will reach you in April. In the meantime, since Easter falls on the first day, we send you our Easter wishes of joy and hope. May the fruits of our combined prayers for world-fellowship and love grow into a rich harvest.

THE CHALLENGE. Many contributions to this number have been received. For all these, we are truly grateful and regret that space permits us to use only a few. The unanimous expression of the wish that Fellowship in Prayer carry its purpose steadily forward is a real challenge.

As Mr. Evans had done in the past, we shall remind ourselves—

"KEEP ON KEEPING ON"

Keep on keeping on, is a slogan to heed;
Encouraging words in time of need;
A challenge to fight when strength is failing,
A call to keep faith when fear's siren is wailing.

Keep on keeping on when the heart fears disaster,
Lifting eyes to the stars where God is Master;
Standing erect when you feel like falling,
Waiting to answer the bugle's calling.

Keep on keeping on, let the slogan ring,
Let tired feet quicken and sad lips sing;
Let hope lift her banner high in the light
And the foe will flee afraid of its might.

For he who keeps on will win his goal,
Finding safe anchor for his fearless soul;
And his hand shall rise to salute the sun
When the last dark days have been met and won.

--Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.

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oooOooo

OUR LIGHT

"How far this little candle
sheds its beams!"
A wise man wrote these brief
words long ago,
And we who bring our high hopes
and our dreams
For future days, would set
our lights aglow
As symbols of the far
outreaching goal,
The upward climb that we have
pledged to make.
We would forge on with earnest
heart and soul
Shedding a light upon each
road we take.

"How far this little candle
sheds its beams!"
Oh, note the light that steadies
as it lifts!
Lord, put Thy hand around these
little gleams
That we have lit, and offer
as our gifts
Of promised service pledged
for coming days;
Steady our hearts and hands
that we may bear
Thy light within our hands
down darkened ways,
Or on the glad heights—
This, Lord, is our prayer.

--Grace Noll Crowell.
(By permission of the Author)

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Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
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